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EDITORIAL

A SYMPOSIUM: WHAT IS RIGHT WITH JOHNSON

We have been so absorbed in finding the faults of Johnson that we haven't given sufficient thought to its good points. Not that there is anything wrong with criticism, providing it is constructive, and the students do mean it to be so.

To start with, Johnson has an A rating, which is more than many other schools can boast. Secondly, because we have a limited number of students, as compared with much larger high schools, our teachers have been able to give us much individual and undivided attention.

Roberta Hutton, '45

§ § §

One of the good things at Johnson is the fact that almost everyone knows everyone else. If there were more pupils, this would not be true. This makes the school seem much friendlier. Betty Riedel, '45

§ § §

There is a great deal of school activity at Johnson High School. We should be proud of this, because there aren't many schools that have all these activities. Most of the girls participate in at least one activity, and most boys participate in all sports. Most of the boys and girls consider themselves equal to everyone else and no better.

At Johnson the students consider their teachers friends. If a girl or boy ever needs advice, he may ask a teacher to help and she will do her best to help him. Jacqueline McGuire, '45

Johnson is always being criticized by fellows from other schools, and even the people that go to Johnson. They are always saying what a horrible looking school it is, and that if anybody slammed a door, the whole school would probably come tumbling down. These people should remember that it isn't from the condition of the school, but from the extent of teachers' knowledge, that the students are educated. Sometimes we think we get a lot more homework than other schools, but that is to prepare us for college if we have a chance to go. Our teachers up here are rated highly, and they live up to their reputation.

Clifton Milne, '45

§ § §

Johnson has expanded its course of study to fit wartime needs. Now the army has come into its very halls to bring us air corps, army specialized training reserve program, and vocational tests to find our abilities and interests. Horace Hebb, '45

§ § §

The subjects are interesting, and you can choose sometimes what you want to take. On the whole, Johnson is a nice school. Jane Loring, '45

§ § §

RESOLUTIONS

Resolutions seem to be an old familiar story. We talk about them and yes, joke about them. However, in this time of war we should stop and think more about trying to fulfill these resolutions.

How many of us waste time that could be put to good use? How many of us waste money that we all know there is a demanding place for?

Saving money has always been a good idea. Now, as never before, however, our money should be invested in United States war savings stamps and bonds.

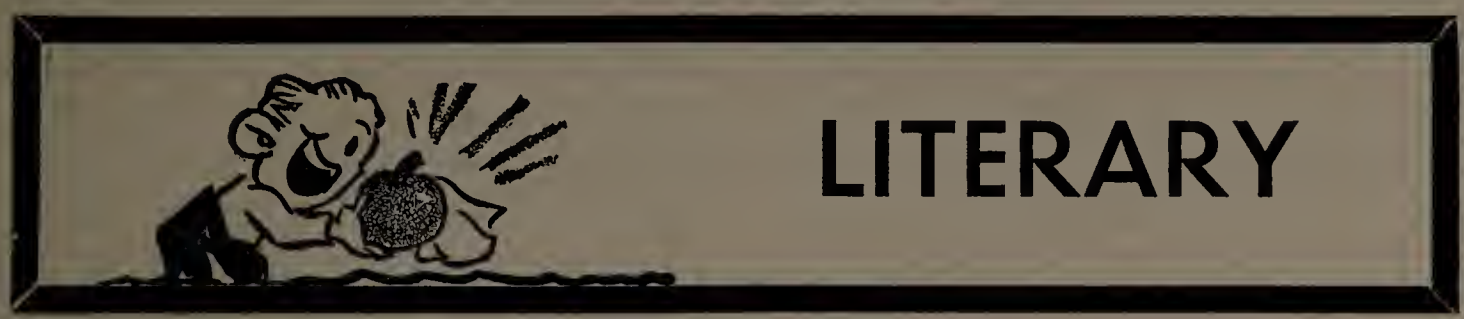
Many of us have good intentions in our resolutions to buy bonds. Yet many of us let week after week slip by without purchasing one stamp, always saying that next week we will surely start buying and saving these stamps in earnest.

Those of us who are working will see the great increase in the withholding tax to be taken out of our salaries during 1945. This is certainly no excuse for not buying bonds, however. It should serve to awaken us to the need for helping our government finance the war. Buying bonds is only a loan, after all, and we will certainly benefit by them later.

If we have resolved to buy stamps and bonds during 1945, let us see to it that this is one resolution that will not be joked about, but earnestly fulfilled. Roberta Hutton, '45

RESTRAINT

When is silence golden? During school hours. You go into class feeling gay, because so far everything has gone your way. You sit down and a little while later the low undertones begin. First you talk about Friday night's dance, or Saturday's movie. Just when you get to the most important part of the story you hear your name mentioned for detention. Oh, well, what's another half hour? Plenty, if you think of how the demerits pile up. I know vacations are nice, but I'd rather take them when they come along, not when they're given. Ethel Shapcott, '46



VACATION AT MY UNCLE'S HOME

On my vacation last year, there was quite a strange thing that happened, and I think it is something I should remember for kindness.

Some time in the month of July, one of my cousins caught a small humming bird, which appeared quite weak for want of food. I gave him some sugar and cream, which he sucked up eagerly, and then I let him go. But in a little while the bird appeared again. This time I made a mixture of sugar and water, and poured it into a honeysuckle blossom. The bird drank from the blossom, and from that time forward became unusually friendly. A dozen times a day or more he would come to be fed. After fluttering a few seconds at the door or window to attract notice, he would alight on a neighboring rose bush until his food was prepared, and then, upon our calling "put, put," would dart in a straight line with the speed of an arrow to receive it.

We held the tubes of honeysuckle in our hands, and the bird, while buzzing around the flowers, extracted the sirup which had been poured into them. He would thrust his bill, which was about three-fourths of an inch in length, into the tube, then put out his tongue, which was at least half an inch longer, and suck up the sirup. Two or three blossoms full generally satisfied him, but sometimes he still seemed hungry and would go back to his resting place on the rose bush to wait until the flowers were filled again with the sweet liquid. Then, when we called him, he would return to finish his meal.

For about three weeks he visited us frequently, and was admired by many visitors. But on the eleventh day of August, after being fed about the middle of the day, he disappeared. We have never seen Put since, and believe that he must have joined some companions and traveled southward. I wish he would come back. He was a nice pet. Bernadette Giard, '48

SCIENCE IN MODERN LIFE

Inventions are very numerous in the fields of science. All the wizards in science will always be remembered, not only by the science clubs and societies, but by the common people. Our health has been made much better, due to development in science. Drugs and serums have been produced to combat malaria and other tropical diseases which are occurring very frequently among our servicemen. Hospital instruments are much improved from what they were, making operations which used to be very serious minor tasks. Nowadays even energy comes in the form of a pill. Our lives are made more comfortable by nice smooth riding cars, trains and planes. Very seldom do you enter a house that isn't adequately heated and properly lighted. We have much nicer homes than our ancestors had, but we don't seem to appreciate them as much as they appreciated their crude little dwellings. Our lives have been speeded up with the inventions of the train, plane, car and speedy ships, that bring us to our destinations in record time. After this war is over it has been said that any point on the globe won't be any more than sixty hours flying distance. Some

day travelling around the world will be just another one of those things.

Science has given us a knowledge of planets that nobody ever expected to hear of. Telescopes have been made so powerful that canals have been detected on the planet Mars. The distance between the earth and the sun has been determined as the result of valuable mathematical knowledge. A wider knowledge ought to be obtained by the common people so that they will understand the various phenomena in the universe.

A conversation about science is always enjoyable and holds the interest of the listener. Therefore, not only studying, but conversation about science will always tend to be interesting. Clifton Milne, '45

MY PLANS FOR THE FUTURE

After school I plan to go into training at the Lawrence General Hospital. It is not because it is so near to my home town that I chose this particular hospital. It is simply the fact that so many wonderful nurses have graduated from there. To me it seems this place is the most promising.

I realize examinations will have to be taken, but that is to be expected.

Ever since I have been old enough to walk and talk, a nursing career has fascinated me. When I was small, going to the hospital to visit was a treat. I used to enjoy watching the white clad forms of doctors and nurses rushing up the different wards. Even now, or more than ever, I like to visit the hospital. I have read between fifteen and twenty career books about girls who had gone into training. Things which seemed impossible years ago have recently saved lives. Things which people used to think would kill a person now save many lives. I think this particular career offers a wonderful and exciting future. Nancy Kinports, '46

HANDS UP

Charlie Wray sat up in bed with his heart beating heavily.

"Phil!" he said, shaking his brother. "Wake up! I'm sure there's someone getting in at the study-room window."

Phil came back from a land where, thanks to the last book he had been reading, he had been a rancher, scouring the country on horseback, holding up cattle-stealers with a deadly six-shooter, and saving distressed damsels from dire perils.

"What?" he grunted.

"I'm sure someone's getting in at the study-room window," Charlie repeated. "What shall we do?"

"Tell Father," said Phil, jumping out of bed and slipping into his clothes.

"He hasn't come in," replied his brother, following his example. "The clock has just struck one, and he said he couldn't be in before half-past."

Phil was about to whistle, but thought better of it. Then, with the courage of his dream strong upon him, remarked, "I'm going down. He's not going to break open Father's safe if I can help it. Back me up, Charlie."

Each boy picked up a weapon. Phil took a hockey-stick and Charlie a bat, and thus armed, they crept stealthily down the staircase.

"If only we'd gotten Tiger, I wouldn't mind," whispered Phil. "What a pity he was chained in the kennel last night!"

Their bare feet made no sound as they crossed the darkened hall to the study. Phil peeked through the keyhole. At the opposite side of the room he could dimly see a kneeling figure and the rays from a flashlight. His heart thumped as he noiselessly pushed open the door, and, with Charlie pressing close behind him,

moved slowly and quietly into the room. Then, drawing his hand from his pocket with something small and bright in it, he levelled it at the burglar, saying sharply, "Hands up!"

The kneeling man, taken utterly by surprise, obeyed, and turning his head, attempted to rise.

"Stay where you are! Don't you dare get up!" whispered Phil, threateningly, fearing if he spoke aloud the shakiness of his voice would be apparent. A stray shaft of moonlight shot across the room, showing the firm hand grasping the murderous-looking little weapon.

"Put that thing down," whimpered the man. "I don't know what your father is thinking of to let a kid like you have a plaything of that sort."

Phil's breath was coming short. In his dreams he had tackled half-a-dozen thieves and come out on top; in reality he found one more than sufficient, and his nerve was giving way.

At this point there came a familiar snuffle and snore — the snuffle and snore of a bull-dog. His vanishing courage returned. With Tiger to back them up—Tiger, with the reputation that when once he took hold in anger he never let go—things assumed a very different aspect.

"Hold his collar, Charlie," he said quickly, "till I give the word."

Charlie was already kneeling down, saying, "Quiet, Tiger! Down, old fellow!" But the snuffle and snore, interspersed with fierce growls, grew more aggressive.

The burglar was reduced to pleading. "Look here, young man, let me go. I haven't taken anything. I haven't had time."

Phil took no heed, but stiffened his muscles. Minute after minute passed, broken only by Tiger's comforting breathing, till there came the sound of a key being fitted into the latch.

"There's Father!" said Charlie, springing joyously to his feet.

For one second Phil turned his head with a sigh of relief. That second was enough. The burglar also sprang to his feet, rushed across the room, and leaped through an open window.

Mr. Wray snapped on the light. "Hello, boys! What's up?"

The strain over, Phil collapsed on to a chair with shaking knees, and Charlie told the tale.

"We were in bed, Father, and I woke and I heard someone getting in at the study-room window."

Mr. Wray crossed the room quickly, looked at the scattered tools, and hurriedly tried the safe door with a fervent "Thank goodness! All right!" while Charlie continued.

"And Phil said we must come down, and — and I was awfully frightened, but I had to back him up, and when we got to the door Phil suddenly pulled your pistol out of his pocket and said, 'Hands up!' and the man . . . . ."

"My pistol!" interrupted Mr. Wray, startled. "Phil, how was it that you had it? I told you boys that neither of you was ever to touch it."

Phil broke ino a nervous laugh. "It isn't yours, Father." He flung the weapon on the table. "I bought it for Teddy's birthday tomorrow."

Mr. Wray picked it up, stripped off the silver paper, and ejaculated, "Chocolate!"

Charlie gazed blankly at his brother, while his father burst into a roar of laughter.

When he had calmed down he said, "It was awfully risky, my boy. Suppose the man had taken his chance and rushed at you?"

"I thought of that, Father," replied Phil, "and I was in an awful predicament till I heard old Tiger at my heels, and then I knew we were safe. By the way, how did he get in, and where's he gone? Tiger! Tiger!"

he called, lifting the edge of the tablecloth and peering underneath. But no Tiger appeared. "What's become of him?" he said, puzzled.

"It wasn't Tiger," said Charlie, looking rather red. "I — I snuffed."

"You what?" asked Mr. Wray.

"I snuffed, Father. I could feel Phil was a bit shaky, and I thought it would buck him up if he thought Tiger was here, so I — I snuffed," he repeated for the third time.

It was Phil's turn to stare, while Mr. Wray collapsed on to a chair and gazed at his two sons. "Well, you are a couple!" he said at last. "To hold up a burglar with a chocolate pistol and an imitation bull-dog!" Then he went off into another fit of laughter, in which both boys joined.

"I say, boys," he said at length when he had recovered, "look at the time! Be off! I'll lock up."

They were sitting up in bed when he went into their room. "Good-night, my rancher! Good-night, my bull-dog!" he said. "Thank God, you're both safe. I'm proud of you." He went away still chuckling.

Meanwhile a disconsolate burglar slowly plodded back to his den minus a valuable set of tools and a flashlight, but thanking his stars that he had not a bullet in him, nor yet had been mauled by a bull-dog!

William Torrey, '46

BOB HOPE

The greatest Hollywood star of this war is Bob Hope. In the opinion of the servicemen he has done more for their morale than any other one person. He couldn't join up, so he did the next best thing, which was to go overseas and entertain them. After reading his book, "I Never Left Home," I greatly admired this man. He certainly must have gone through a lot to bring his show to those men, but he laughs and kids about it as though he were just making another personal appearance.

I remember one part in the book that showed his courage and wit. He and his group were in the hotel and there was an air raid. They were forced to leave the hotel and go by jeep to another town. As they drove along, the bombs grew closer, so they had to get out of the jeep and run for cover. They had to hide in an old sewer until it was over. When he referred to it in his book, he made jokes about how scared he was. Another person might have complained and looked for praise, but he just treated it mildly.

I think that anyone who does so much for our boys, expecting so little thanks, deserves a great deal of praise. I never had much respect for some movie stars, but I have changed my mind about him. I believe that people will never forget his courage, fortitude and cheerfulness that helped the men along during strife.

Ethel Winning, '46

SIR ROGER AT THE TAHITI CANTEEN

As you all know, Sir Roger is very fond of theater performances. Recently when I was presented with two tickets to an on-coming show, I thought immediately of my friend.

Realizing how old-fashioned Sir Roger is, I was skeptical about asking him at first, but when I heard from reliable sources what an excellent performance it was intended to be, I requested the honor of being Sir Roger's host for an evening of enjoyment.

At 8 p. m. on the evening of March second, the music started and the velvet curtains parted. I looked at the stage and then at my guest, who sat with his hands clasped tightly in his lap, staring unbelievingly at the chorus of pretty girls, colorfully attired in Hawaiian costumes. The

scene was lovely, but my friend was shocked. "Disgraceful," he muttered in his low, stern voice.

The show proved to be a success, and to my great surprise and pleasure I noticed my poker-faced companion's face light up with delight at various intervals, although he will never confess to such an accusation.

For months to come, I know I will hear of the "indecency" of the gay performance. But I can't help smiling every time I think of Sir Roger writhing in discomfort when four enormous ladies danced the — er — "Hula-Hula."

Alma Sanford, '46

CHILDHOOD FANCY

Take the "Book of Fairy Tales." Curled up in a cozy overstuffed chair, I used to lose myself in Fairyland, borrowing the seven league boots and powers of some giant or riding upon the fabulous golden horse or even helping myself to some of the gingerbread roof of the witch's house. I thrilled at the exploits of the brave prince, chilled at the witchcraft of the black swathed old hag and wondered at the powers of strange herbs, wild flowers and berries.

These stories of the supernatural and the impossible can no longer conquer my imagination and hold me spellbound. Their once appealing attractions have faded and died. I can no longer pick up this book and enjoy the unforgettable stories of witches, princes, goblins, and fairies, but the "Book of Fairy Tales" will continue to live and stimulate the imagination of all its young readers until the end of time.

Gardner Cook, '46

I WAS COOK

A few months ago, my mother asked me if I would willingly indulge in some fudge making. I rather remotely replied, "Okay." I obediently took the recipe out of the drawer and started at my task.

"Let me see now, four tablespoons of butter, two cupfuls of milk, three cupfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and some vanilla. There."

But somehow my mind must have been wandering, because I put in one tablespoonful of salt. Thinking nothing of it, I mixed the ingredients vigorously . Now most good cooks usually get fat by tasting their products, and since I was a good cook, minus the stomach, I tasted my masterpiece.

"Hm, something's wrong. It tastes sort of salty. I wonder if I did something wrong," as I wrinkled my brow, searching and fumbling hurriedly through the pages to my recipe.

"Oh, there it is. Lem'me see now, sugar, milk, butter, salt — Oh my gosh! Too much salt." Embarrassed at my plight, and my face an infuriated red, I cursed the fudge and in a whirl of bewilderment, heaved the gooey lazy-rolling liquid, pan and all, into the sink. Disgusted at my failure, I cleaned up the mess, and walked out. Going out the door, I met my mother, who was coming in after hanging out some clothes.

"Mother, I think we'll make the fudge later. Okay?"

Peter White, '48

A FURIOUS STORM

Many years ago when my grandmother was but a girl, there was a bad storm brewing, but little did the village people of Scotland know about it. A few of the village people, including my grandmother, were leaving their homeland for America.

On the day of the trip my grandmother was very excited. She and many others knew little of what was to happen in the future. She grasped the smaller bundles and skipped off to the ship. The night was still and sticky, and you could hardly see a

ripple in the water. Everyone was getting restless because of this quiet stillness, and fidgety because of the ways of nature.

The day was very cloudy. A strong wind was blowing, getting stronger towards sunset. People knew what sort of storm was afoot. The children knew about such storms, but had never experienced them. Their parents didn't tell them for fear of panic.

As the wind grew stronger, the bigger the waves became. The time was just about time for the strapping down. Men, women, and children were bound to the floor of the ship. Waves were pouring over the sides of the ship, rooms were becoming flooded, children were screaming and very panicky. My grandmother was so scared she could do nothing but hold her breath and pray.

The last of the storm is the worst, because of the tidal wave. It came about five hours later. Some people were tossed over-board. Their straps weren't quite strong enough. My grandmother was very sick when she landed in America. There were about twenty-five people out of fifty that survived. At least, my grandmother was there to tell us about it.

Evelyn Mitchell, '48

THE LUNCHROOM AT RECESS

The lunchroom at our high school at recess is like a madhouse. For instance, today I saw at least twenty boys piled up against the ice cream counter, all lunging and grabbing for the same ice cream. Money is flung and tossed on the counter, hands swish and fly in all directions, and in the end you are almost trampled to death.

On the other side of the lunchroom the girls are also on the rampage, but this time the thundering noise is at the potato-chip counter. Girls are screaming and shouting as they rip and tear the bags of potato chips from the rack. While everyone is making his share of the noise, a big hairy hand dips into the huge jar of creamy white marshmallows and squashes them inside out.

Herbert Brightman, '46

MY LIBRARY

At present, the most useful part of my library consists of one large geography book, including innumerable maps, used for determining the location of all my relatives and friends in the service. Besides this, I have a collection of short stories in German, a small collection of Latin fables, an advanced algebra book, and a few insignificant novels. As you can see, there are no exceptionally interesting or essential books here.

In the future, however, I plan to have a library that will aid me in finding pleasure and that will assist me in any reference I need. First of all, I'll obtain books for entertainment and amusement. Among these will be "Huckleberry Finn," the "Pickwick Papers," and Shakespeare's romantic comedy, "As You Like It."

Sometimes, I tire of English literature and enjoy reading a story in a foreign language. For such an occasion, I shall procure a more complete collection of Latin myths or the "Battles of Caesar" and in addition to my short stories in German, I would appreciate a stirring, penetrating book, such as "Joan of Arc." Although I am far from a master of either of these languages, I enjoy them and believe that in this way I will build a bigger vocabulary in the language and increase my reading knowledge. Already, my library is twice as valuable as my former one, but it must grow much more to be complete.

When all around me is excited and gay, I'll keep reasonably serious by indulging in some of the great tragedies. Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar"

and "Macbeth," plus "The Merchant of Venice," will comprise this shelf. These will prevent me from becoming light-headed and frivolous by reminding me of the deep sorrows in the world.

Since the fellows in the service are seeing the world, I must be able to know where they have been and what they are talking about. I can discover the customs and life in many of the distant countries plus the nature of our enemy, his motives and desires, by reading the recent publications, "Guadalcanal Diary," "Mein Kampf," and "Berlin Diary," for example.

For reference work, I'll need an encyclopedia. Such a set is essential. I could spend many hours just thumbing through the volumes for pleasure.

Lastly, to further increase my vocabulary and to enable me to understand our government more fully, I shall have a shelf for books on the Constitution and government, "Washington's Farewell Address to the Army," and the "Gettysburg Address."

By this time, my library will be plenty large enough to begin with. However, I shall not be content with just these. New books must be added all the time, if my library is to be entirely complete. After reading these I have mentioned, I shall be able to express myself more exactly, I shall have increased my vocabulary and I shall have some ideas of my own and thus be able to dispute the opinions of others. I cannot see how one could be happy or even live a successful life without a library similar to my future one. Bette Lewis, '45

MY UNCLE'S EXPERIENCES

My Uncle Frank was sent to the post-office for a letter. When he got there, the poor child found a big dog at the door of the office, and was afraid to go in. It was just the dead part of the day in a country village, when even the shops are locked up for an hour, and Frank, who is very shy, saw no one whom he could call upon. He tried to make Miss Jones, the post-office clerk, hear, but she was in the back of the office. Frank was frightened, but he meant to do his duty. So he crossed the bridge, walked up to the butcher's shop in the other village, which he knew was open, and spent two pennies for a bit of meat, and carried it back to tempt his enemy. He waved it in the air, calling the dog, and threw it into the street. The dog was much more willing to eat the meat than to eat Frankie. He left his post. Frank went in and tapped on the glass, and Miss Jones came and gave him the letter. Frank came home in triumph, and his papa said it was a finer piece of duty performed than the celebrated sacrifice of Casabianca.

Bernadette Giard, '48

AN EXPERIENCE

Most children going through a dark room imagine that all kinds of hideous creatures are after and around them. For example, an experience of mine at my grandfather's house will always stay in my mind. I had been punished for something which I thought was only a trifling matter and was told to go up to my room. I went rather unwillingly, for I knew what fear I would have to suffer on the way upstairs. After I entered the hall, I felt as if I were miles from anyone except those scary things that live in the dark. The great mirror on the wall seemed to reflect a hundred grotesque goblins. When I reached the first landing, Grandfather's clock called out in thunderous tones the hour of nine, making me jump about six steps, and landing me on the top of the stairs. There I stood stock still, my hair on end and my eyes bulging from their sock-

ets. At the end of the hall appeared two tiny balls of fire. They kept creeping closer and closer. All the stories that Grandfather had ever told me about snakes, tigers, and bears popped into my head. Gathering around me now were hideous looking creatures, pointing their fingers at me, and laughing as if scolding me for being so frightened. Just then Donald, having heard my unsteady steps in the hall, flung the door open and I sprang through the doorway, just in time to escape the clutches of my enemies in the dark.

Marjorie Howard, '48

THE HORNET'S NEST

One Saturday afternoon in the late fall, we were cutting down an old apple orchard. Our method was to cut down the good limbs and leave the rotten wood for the bulldozer to push into the swamp. We came up to an old tree and decided that there was only one limb worth cutting, so the boss told me to climb up and cut it off. Spying an old rotten limb and deciding it would hold me, I sat down and started to saw the good limb. Then I felt something land on the back of my hand. Thinking nothing of it, I continued to saw. Then something bit me. A hornet! Huh! I didn't think there were any around. The limb came off and I started to climb down. Seeing a hole in my makeshift seat, I stuck a nearby branch into it. You would have liked to see the hornets pour out of that tree. Taking one jump and hitting the ground running, I got out of there fast. It is also worth noting that the bulldozer pushed the tree, limb and hornets into the swamp the next day.

A. Lovejoy, '48

THE ENGLISH LESSON

My grandfather likes to tell the story of when he was a little boy. In the town where he lived there were two small stores and a little church. The town had a population of two hundred.

It was quite a thrill for the children to go visiting, as there was little else to do. One night my great grandmother took my grandfather and his two sisters and his two brothers to visit some neighbors.

They reached their destination thrilled with thoughts of popcorn and apples, and were asked to take seats.

One of the children whom they were visiting decided that my uncle's chair wasn't comfortable, so she said to her brother, "John, you let Hailan have your chair and you take his'n."

My great grandmother was very mortified when my uncle retorted, "His'n! Not his'n — his."

The English lesson nearly spoiled the whole evening.

Janice Fessenden, '48

LAST-MINUTE KATE

The radio announcer said it; he really did. Unbelievable as it was, the North Andover schools were closed for two weeks.

Fourteen whole days during which we could go tobogganing, dancing, or whatever else we desired without the worry of homework every night.

Of course the last homework assignment I was given was still tucked away in the school books on my shelf. Oh, but I'd have plenty of time to do all that in the course of two weeks.

It is now Sunday evening, the day before we return to school. I have dusted my books carefully and started my deserted homework.

Never did I realize that a brain could get so musty in such a short time; and I do mean short. Where in the world the days of that "long" vacation went, I wouldn't know, as I sit here pondering over my muddled thoughts, and wishing dreadfully that this homework would vanish into thin air.

Alma Sanford, '46

BALLADS

SPRING'S SURPRISES

Spring is a wonderful change from winter,
Always a delightful surprise,
When nature creates her treasured etchings
And soothes the tired eyes.

The snow is gone, the birds come back,
And build in budding trees,
Surrounded by the daffodils,
And landscapes of misty greens.

The lilacs spring from their sleepy boughs,
And greet the vernal rain,
Out of the barns come the farmers' plows
And the earth is tilled once again.

How gloriously nature blooms in the springtime,
With its gorgeous colors arrayed,
And our suits and frocks seem to rhyme
As we walk in the Easter Parade!

Eleanor George, '48

SPORTS

Summer sports are lots of fun;
Winter sports are, too.
But there are often accidents;
Now I'll tell a few.

I love to skate around and round,
But, funny as it seems,
I always end up on the ground
Dreaming funny dreams.

Oh! What fun it is to slide
Down the hill so fast,
But then I tumbled off the sled
And all the fun is past.

I like to swim and float around;
That sport I think is fun;
But then the waves come big and strong,
And, quickly, away I run.

Barbara Venner, '48

A SCOTTISH ROMANCE

In Scotland in the south countrie,
A maid was born one May,
And lak' 'er mither, she became
The beauty o' the day.

The Lords o' Manors, they all came
To see this maid, Kathy,
And try to win 'er 'hand would they
As she fair as flowers cou'd be.

They cam' frae all the far countries
The 'andsome and the ugly both,
But no' of them could change 'er mind;
Of all men she did loathe.

'Er father and 'er mither mourned
That she should care so little
For these young men, who through the day
Prayed long to good St. Bittle.

Then cam' one day a gallant lord,
And 'andsome, too, was 'e,
And 'e is for this bonny lass
'Er bridegroom for to be.

'E wooed 'er 'til she feared 'e'd drop,
From sheer fatigue, no doubt,
And tho' she softened up a bit,
Still made 'im run h'about.

'Til one day when they were alone
('E picked the time right well),
'E used 'is manly arts for 'er
And of 'is love did tell.

Of 'is proposal she did accept;
'E was betook wi' gladness,
And now they live in yonder glen;
No more 'er 'eart 'as sadness.

Louise R. Consoli, '48

SUNLIGHT AND THE PRINCE

It was on the early morning,
And the dew on the grass was glistening;
And twelve fairies were sitting
At the king's own daughter's christening.

Eleven fairies presented their gifts;
With their wands they touched her forehead.
There came one who was not invited,
The hateful old sorceress, Briged.

She asked the infant's name and then
She cackled in wicked glee.
"Her name is to be Sunlight,
But sunlight she shall never see.

"She will sleep all day,
And dance through the eve.
The honorable king and his lovely queen
To see their daughter will surely grieve.

"She will grow old and young
As the moon does too."
But the next fairy announced,
"There'll be one way to get her back to you!"

Then to complete her speech,
She came out from her place,
"If a handsome young prince will kiss her,
While ugly and haggard is her face."

Now, time passed quickly
For this royal baby so fair;
Growing old and young as the moon did,
Black to white went her hair.

Now came there a wandering ballad-man,
Singing for them tune after tune;
And luckily he came along, for it
Was three nights before the new moon.

That eve when he was walking,
Out in the forest green,
He saw the loveliest girl,
That he had ever seen.

Her dress was of the bluest sheen,
Her hair of raven black.
She ran when he came near her,
And left him far in back.

The next night she was dancing round,
This time in shimmering gold.
He came up to her, but she fled;
His sorrow in song he told.

The next night she was there again,
Now clothed in moonbeam white.
She ran away from him as she
Had done night after night.

For nights he saw the fair beauty,
Clothed in shimmering dress;
But as the moon grew older,
He saw her less and less.

Now when the moon
Was just a sliver in the sky,
He went to an old fairy,
And asked her why!

He said he saw his love no more;
He was in deep despair.
"Go back," the old fairy said,
"And see if she is there."

He went into the woody glade,
To see her he hoped he could.
But all that came along
Was an old lady carrying lace wood.

She fell onto the grass and he
Went over to pick her from the ground.
He was not expecting
The little old lady he found.

He brought her over to a campfire,
And gazed at her sleeping face.
"She must make her living," he said,
"By selling that wood of lace."

Then she stirred while in her sleep;
While doing so upset her basket of lace.
Her expression was so gentle and sad.
He bent down and kissed her face.

She changed into the princess fair,
And he had to admit he was a prince.
And from the time he saw her
He loved her ever since.

Then off they went together,
And then they stood very still;
And for the first time Sunlight saw
The lovely sun come over the hill.

Ruth Turner, '48

THE LIFE OF A PLANE

Out of the ground I came at first,
As iron so nice and brown,
And then men made me into steel,
The steel so good and sound.

Into trains so large and real,
They brought me in a bound,
To a factory where men work long,
To make the planes of war.

Men cut and shaped and molded on,
For hours and days and weeks,
And finally I met my crew,
Together in this for keeps.

The tall and lanky pilot,
He's just to fly the plane;
He nurses me; in I must get,
To save him and the crew.

The gunners are next upon my list;
They're brave and strong and true;
They protect me in the tight spots,
And bring me home to you.

It takes guts to be a gunner,
To sit out in the tail,
When the Messerschmitts start coming,
And the slugs begin to wail.

And finally I came one day
Back to the field with holes;
So many were there in my tail
That I was condemned to go.

My crew, they cried and cried like babes,
Till I could bear no longer,
And sadly I went on my way
To meet my friends out yonder.

Andrew Alvino, '48

ANNE BRADSTREET

The silence of this quiet day
Was shattered by a yell;
An arrow came piercing through the door,
And Annie ran pell mell.

She then grabbed up her trusty gun
And with it she did fire;
She killed the Indians, one by one,
And piled them higher and higher.

One Indian crept right to the door
And raised his hatchet high;
Annie, with her back to him,
Saw not his evil eye.

Her husband came a-running
With eight kids at his heel;
He hit the Indian on the head,
And over he did keel.

After two long hours of battle
The fight was finally won;
They went out to view the ruins
And see what they had done.

The bodies were strewn around the place;
It was a horrible sight;
Said Annie in a sorrowful tone,
"I will not sleep tonight."

Joseph Winning, '48

RECORD

GRADUATION SCHOLARSHIP HONORS

Valedictorian	Roger Smith
Salutatorian	Betty Morton
Class Essayist	Lois Valpey

SENIOR ELECTIVE HONORS

Orator	Carl Schofield
Prophet	William Finneran
Historian	Fred Messina
Author of Class Will	Shirley White

HIGHEST HONORS, TERM FOUR

Honors in six subjects: Roger Smith.

Honors in five subjects: Betty Morton, Gloria Bottai, William Torrey, William Heyn, Anna Miller, Louise Consoli.

Honors in four subjects: Lois Valpey, Bette Lewis, Fred Messina, Shirley Wentworth, Alma Sanford, Arthur Terret, Norman Campbell, Robert Blanchette, James Greenler, Barbara Campbell, Mary Hickey, Virginia Gaudet.

SENIOR TESTING PROGRAM

The weeks of March 26 and April 2 are offering to the Senior Class a busy schedule. All seniors have been taking two-hour tests these two weeks.

"GIRL SHY"

The annual Johnson High School Play will be held on April 12 and 13. This year's play is "Girl Shy." It is a three-act comedy in which Harold Dushame plays the leading role of Tom, the girl-shy fellow. Others taking part are Shirley White, Joyce Gilman, Dorothy McDowell, Barbara Campbell, Elsie Miller, Marie Consoli, William Finneran, Norman Campbell, John Wood, Roger Smith and David O'Melia. Herbert Wild is stage manager.

PUBLIC SPEAKING CONTEST

Six of the Johnson High School pupils recently participated in a Public Speaking Contest. It is the first of this sort and they plan to make it an annual affair. Dorothy McDowell won first prize of $15, Miss Blanche Turner won the second prize of $10 and Miss Eleanor Finn won third prize of $5. All other contestants received copies of a book of essays. The contestants chose the essays which they delivered. Other speakers were Rita Nicetta, Helena Saunders and Patricia Chadwick. The contest was held before the Eclectic Club at the North Andover Club House. Miss Levine, director of music, entertained the group with a few songs.

"JOURNAL" DANCE

The annual "Gobbler" benefit dance was held March 9. Since it had been postponed because of the winter weather, the committee had an opportunity to decorate the hall in spring colors at this time.

Music was provided by George Emmons and the chaperones were: Misses Pierce, Torpey, Neal, Cook, and Mr. Hayes.

EXCHANGES

"The Ægis," Beverly, Massachusetts.

Ah, English! ! !

E is for the everlasting worries,
N is for the nauseating pains,
G is for the gory hours of labor,
L is for the lameness of our brains,
I is for the interest which is lacking,
S is for the suffering that's gone through,
H is for the homework that is haunting —
That is all I have to say to you.

"Brown and Gold," Haverhill, Mass.

Daffynitions

V-3 Special: Coke with every flavor in the fountain. You can count to three and the "V" is for victim.
Molecule: A female mole.
Goblet: A little sailor.
A Lady: A woman who knows when to be polite and when to strike you down.
Doe: A female deer. A deer is a buck and a buck is dough in any man's language.
Basketbell: A girl hoopster.
A Krafty Person: Just a big cheese.
Courtesy: The way a boy treats a girl he doesn't know. (How true, n'est-ce pas?)
Misquotations: What somebody is sure to accuse us of after reading this column.

"The Reflector," Saginaw, Michigan.

Kind Lady: "And how would you like a nice chop?"

Weary Tramp: "That all depends, lady! Is it lamb, pork, or wood?"

Don: "Bucky, do you like operettas?"

Bucky: "Oh, gee, Don, you bet I do!"

Don: "What kind do you like best?"

Bucky: "Telephone Operettas!"

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Johnson's girls' last game was played at Methuen, with both first and second teams playing. The girls' first team played very well and showed a great deal of improvement. The home team came out three points behind, with a 32-29 decision. G. Bottai, H. Wood, and L. Balavich played in the guard section and held the Methuen players to a low score.

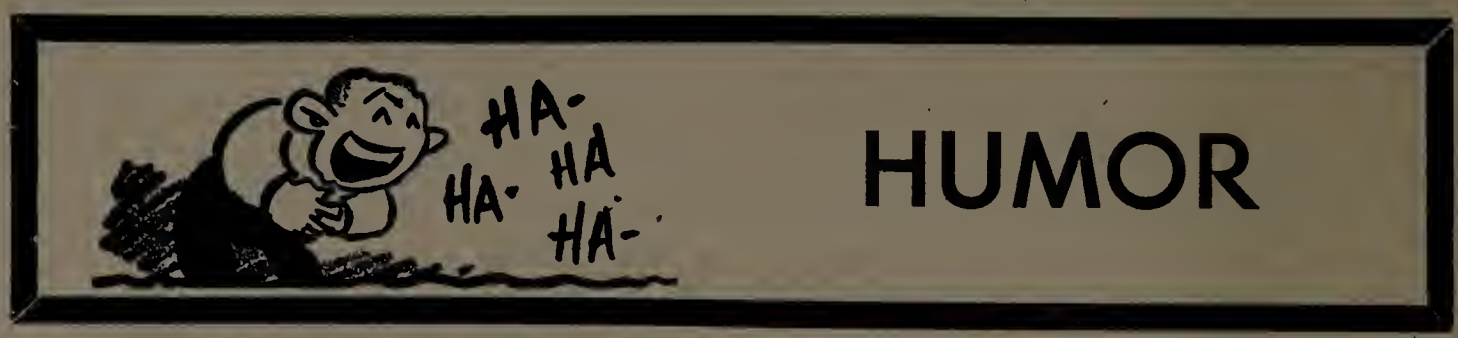
The second team lost their game by a slightly larger margin.

The final game of the season was played at the N. A. court with Howe. Since we hadn't had any coach or practice for a period of three and a half weeks, we showed very poorly in this final game. The Howe girls played a superior game and led all the way. The final score was Johnson 15, Howe 36.

The Johnson seconds won their game in a very exciting and evenly matched contest. The final score was 16-15. Irene Costello, '45

GROUP PICTURES

March 21 found the students of Johnson all slicked up, the reason being the class photos were taken. It was a busy day, but the students didn't seem to mind in the least.



JOKES

Wife: "It's scandalous for them to charge us five dollars for towing this car only three or four miles."

Husband: "I'm making them earn their money, dear — I've got the brakes on."

A small storekeeper decorated his shop window with a fine new Venetian blind, and few of his customers failed to make some remark about it.

"Nice blind you've got there. How much did it cost?" asked one.

"It didn't cost me anything. My customers paid for it."

"What! Your customers paid for it?"

"Yes, I just put a little box on my counter, marked, 'For the Blind'."

Hotel Clerk (haughtily): "Are you a guest of the house?"

Patron: "Oh, no! I'm paying $20 a day!"

A young soldier at a school for parachute troops approached his instructor after a lecture and asked:

"Suppose the parachute doesn't open?"

"That," snapped the sergeant, "is called jumping to a conclusion."

When meat rationing first began, a farmer reported to his board that he had several hundred pounds of beef in storage. To a letter demanding why he had so much on hand, he replied:

"It was necsesary to kill the whole steer at one time."

A psychiatric board was testing the mentality of a Negro soldier.

"Do you ever hear voices without being able to tell who is speaking or where the voices are coming from?" he was asked.

"Yes, sir," answered the Negro.

"And when does this occur?"

"When I answers the telephone."

The war was over. Hitler was dead, and the corporal who had helped lay the body underground was describing the scene.

"The Germans put the coffin down 25 times," he said.

"Twenty-five times?" echoed his listeners. "What for?"

The corporal smiled grimly, "Encores."

Seaman Jones: "My Scotch girl friend sent me her picture today."

Seaman Smith: "How does it look?"

Seaman Jones: "I don't know yet; I haven't had it developed."

An actor left the profession to become a surgeon. After performing his first appendectomy before an assembly of medical students, he received so much applause that he removed the patient's tonsils as an encore.

Examining Physician: "Have you ever had trouble with dyspepsia?"

Jack Canty: "I certainly have; every time I try to spell it."

OUT LIKE A LIGHT

My bonnie leaned over the gas tank
The height of its contents to see;
I lighted a match to assist her —
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me!

Patient (waking after an operation): "Doctor, why are all the blinds down?"

Doctor: "Well, there's a big fire across the street and I didn't want you to wake and think the operation was a failure."

At a naval training center a pharmacist's mate was preparing to fingerprint a recruit.

"Wash your hands," he instructed.

"Both of them?" asked the sailor-to-be.

The pharmacist's mate hesitated.

Then he said: "No, just one. I want to see how you do it."

We are indebted to recent publications for the preceding jokes.

TO THE SENIORS

You may find fault with Johnson,
And may rip it up the back,
But hear that from some boy from out of town,
And you'll knock him on his back.

You spent four years in high school,
And dreaded every day,
But now you have to leave it,
You wish you had to stay.

Piercey, Cook, and McAloon
May have sent you to the jug;
Look back at the small instances —
You were the cause, you lug!

But now that time has sped by,
But two months you have to do.
Look back at four years at Johnson
And at the teachers, too, — for

I said my little story
And wrote with all my might,
But what have I to show for this?
I have the jug tonight!

Edward Bardsley, '45

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